

Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?

Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arsite and Palamon,

Thes. Tis right, those, those
They are not dead?

3. Hearses ready.

Her. Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken
When their last hurts were given, twas possible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use 'em
The very lees of such (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others. all our Surgions
Conuent in their behoofe, our richest balmes
Rather then niggard wait, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then haue 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thousand fold, we had rather haue 'em
Prisoners to us, then death; Beare 'em speedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister
What man to man may doe for our sake more,
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, behestes,
Loves, prooveations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sicknes in will
Or wrastring strength in reason, for our Love
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our best,
Their best skill tender. Leade into the City,
Where having bound things scatterd, we will post *Florish.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*

*Scena 5. Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

*Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, sighes, darken the day;*

*Our dole more deadly looks than o
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy o
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ay*

*Come all sad, and solempne Showes
That are quick-eyd pleasures foes:
We conuent nought else but woes.*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to
loy ceaze on you againe: peace sleepe

2. *Qu.* And this to yours.

1. *Qu.* Yours this way: Heaven
A thousand differing waies, to one su

3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty full o
And Death's the market place, where

Actus Secundus

Scena I. Enter Iailor, a

Iailor. I may depart with little, wh
May cast to you, not much: Alas the
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you shall t
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be be
Then it can appeare, to me report is a
Speaker: I would I were really, that I
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (
it will) I will assure upon my daughter
The day of my death.

Woer. Sir I demaund no more then
And I will estate your Daughter in wh
Have promised,

Our

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